

*To Lady Blessington.*BRADENHAM,
Friday. [Oct. 17, 1834.]

MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,
I sympathise with your sufferings; my experience unhappily assures me how ably you describe them. This golden autumn ought to have cured us all. I myself, in spite of the sunshine, have been a great invalid. Indeed, I know not how it is, but I am never well save in action, and then I feel immortal. I am ashamed of being 'nervous.' Dyspepsia always makes me wish for a civil war. In the meantime I amuse myself by county politics.

My father sends his kindest regards. As for myself, I am dying for action, and rust like a Damascus sabre in the sheathe of a poltroon.

Adieu! dear friend, we shall meet on your return.

B. DISRAELI.¹*To Benjamin Austen.*BBADBNHAM,
Oct. 24, 1834.

I have been prevented in bringing out a novel [*Henrietta Temple*] in November by a strange illness which kept me to my sofa exactly two months. It was something of the kind of attack you experienced at Pyfield — great pain in the legs and extraordinary languor. It came upon me suddenly. I struggled against it for some time, but mounting my horse one day, I had a slight determination of blood to my head, and was obliged to throw myself on the floor of the hall. This frightened me, remembering old sufferings, and I laid up. Quiet, diet and plenteous doses of ammonia (heavenly maid!) not only restored me, but I have felt better and more hearty this last fortnight than I long remember.

¹ From Mr. Alfred Morrison's collection.